

PAA



## Hot Pots at the Spaa

With a backdrop of clear blue skies, snowcapped peaks, luxuriant pastures and sparkling mountain streams is found the ideal mountain retreat: The Mountain Spaa Resort in beautiful Heber Valley.

The "Spaa" is a lush green resort with a certain mystic about it. The relaxed rural atmosphere and historical value are simply delightful. In a world of fast-paced lifestyles and never-ending development, here is a quiet, healthful, secluded spot where one can relax to the absolute stillness, breathe the clean mountain air and bathe in the healthful odorless mineral water pools. The water is loaded with the magic mineral, zinc. Zinc is noted for its wound-healing ability and its benefits to arthritic patients.

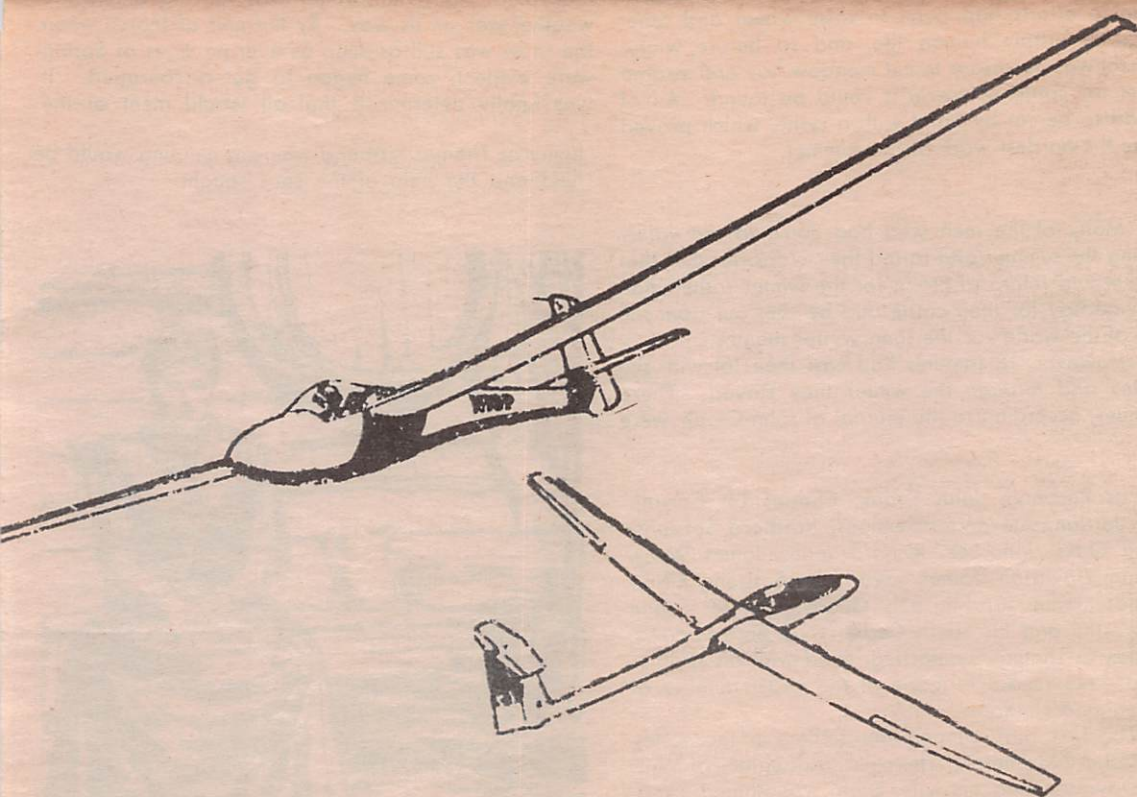
The "Hot Pots" from which the water comes, are cone shaped springs of lime formation formed by water. The water contains lime, zinc, iron and magnesium--it forms a hard lime rock wherever it flows. In ancient times, the water ran over the surface and formed the cones, some are very high while others are ground level. The water temperature varies in the pots. The dry pots have sealed themselves off with lime rock.

Mountain Spaa has a fascinating history that contributes to its mystic. Legend has it that in 1851, a gang of outlaws stopped to swim in the old long pot. When they saw a band of Indians preying down upon them, they hid their gold in an iron kettle and buried it, then fled. Many years later one of the men returned, but the land had changed and he was unable to find the gold. Many have searched in vain for the gold, but it remains hidden somewhere near the "Old Long Pot."

In 1885, Ezra Strong bought the claim for two yoke of oxen and second-hand sewing machine. He put a tent over one dry pot to live in, and opened a saloon in another. To enter Ezra's saloon, one had to slide down a rope.

In 1888, the dream of a Resort was born, when Andrew Luke bought the claim. Andrew and his oldest son, John, built a

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Located at Heber Valley Airport  
One Mile South of Heber City on Hwy. 189



proved to be William Davidson plowing with two yoke of oxen and Robert Broadhead and James Davis with a similar outfit between them. We found that William Davidson had his family here, which I believe was the first family in the valley."

Exchanging greetings with the men whom they found already in the valley, the group went on to a spring about a mile north of the present site of Heber. They made their camp here, as John Crook notes in his journal, because this was considered the best land in the valley. As their camp was the largest in the valley and most of them originally had come from Great Britain, they called it London. The spring by which they camped still retains that name.

Crops were planted and in June Jesse Fuller laid out Old Fort Heber. The area for the fort was 80 rods square.

Within that fort area the company of men built their houses close together, with sufficient openings to let their stock in and out. The houses were built with green cottonwood logs that were cut on the river bottoms. Dirt floors, dirt roofs and mud packed between the logs were the order of the day.

When the crops were planted and the log huts prepared, the men left the valley and went back to Provo where happy families greeted them with shouts of "How's the weather?" and "When are we going?"

With wives, children, cows, pigs, chickens and all their earthly possessions packed, the original company started out and were joined by others who were cheered by the reports of a good summer and plenty of farming land and irrigation water. Some of the additional families who came were Thomas H. Giles, John Giles, Hiram Oaks and George Carlile.

During the first summer, some 1,000 bushels of grain were raised in the valley. Though some of the wheat crop was injured by early frost, it could still be made into flour and the settlers rejoiced for the blessings of the harvest. Because the nearest gristmill was in Provo and a four-days' journey away,

many of the people ground flour in small hand mills or boiled the wheat and ate it whole with milk.

With the crops in and summer on the wane, dread winter again loomed up before the people. Farming efforts had been to raise wheat and other crops to sustain human life, and so before winter came it was necessary to cut meadow hay and swamp grass for cattle wherever it could be found. All of it had to be cut by hand with a sythe, which proved to be the hardest work of the summer.

Many of the men who had come to the valley during the summer and raised their crops decided that they would return to Provo for the winter rather than provide hay for their cattle and be shut out from the rest of the world for the long winter months.

However, 18 families had cast their lot with the Valley and through the winter they stayed. These families, according to the journal of John Crook, were

Thomas Rasband, John Crook, Charles N. Carroll, John Jordan, Alexander Sessions, Bradford Sessions, Hiram Oaks, John Lee, Richard Jones, James Davis, William Davidson, James Laird, John Sessions, Elisha Thomas, James Carlile and George Carlile. Jane Clotworthy and Elizabeth Carlile were both widows. Charles C. Thomas, unmarried, lived with his brother Elisha. No record is made of the exact number of women and children.

The first birth among the settlers in the valley occurred in November. The child, a daughter of William Davidson and his wife, Ellen, was named Timp-anogos, the Indian name for the valley and the prominent mountain that lay at the west.

For those who remained, the first winter in the valley was a long and dreary one. The snow fell early and was several feet deep. For nearly four months they were without communication from the rest of the world.

At Christmas time, however, a group of young people from Provo braved the weather and came

through the canyon by sleigh and spent the holiday season with the families in the valley. They soon left and no one else came into the valley until the snows melted.

Their being shut out from the rest of the world did not mean that the settlers spent the winter days and nights with long faces and twiddling thumbs. Quite the opposite. Meeting in the various log homes, they held Church meetings each Sabbath day and during the week gathered for singing, dancing and



dramatics.

As the Spring of 1860 neared they hopefully looked for signs that winter was leaving and warm weather was on its way. By the end of March when the snow was still as deep as ever no signs of Spring were evident, some began to get discouraged. It was finally determined that all would meet at the

home of Thomas Rasband where a meeting would be held and the help of the Lord sought.



Those present reported that during the meeting they prayed sincerely and earnestly that the Lord would cause the snow to melt and Spring to come so that their famished oxen and cows might get grass to eat and that they could plant their crops and be in touch again with their friends in the lower valleys.

Before the meeting was dismissed there was water dripping from the eaves of the house and Spring was born in the valley.